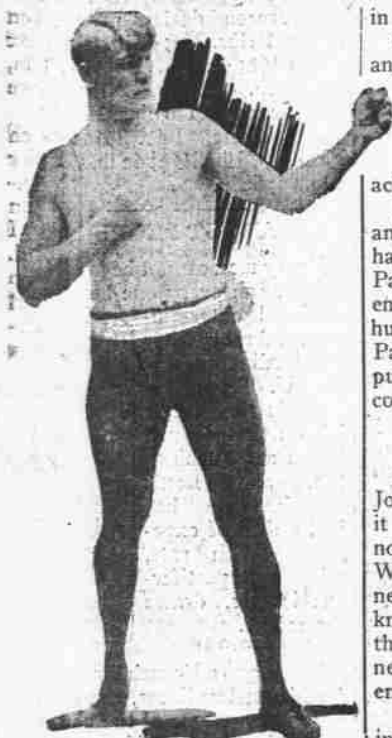


AL PALZER, CORN BELT GIANT, IS SURE HE'LL BEAT JACK JOHNSON SOME DAY



Al Palzer.

There's a big, blonde kid in New York, not very long removed from the corn belt, who has one ambition—and that is to beat the tar out of Champion Jack Johnson and be hailed as world's champion boxer.

This big fellow is being guided by the veteran master of ring craft, Tom O'Rourke, who believes he sees a future champion

in the Iowa farmer.

Palzer has already proved he is anything else, can hit like a trip hammer, he assimilates punishment, is discouraging to the man whose punches to jaw and stomach fail to produce an impression.

Al Kaufmann, if he cannot do anything else, can hit like a trip hammer. Well, Kaufmann hit Palzer often enough and hard enough to make a human being hunt for a soft spot to rest, but Palzer merely leaned against the punches and waded in. He couldn't be stopped.

By Al Palzer.

I don't want to fight Jack Johnson now. I know he'd have it all over me. But a year from now I will be willing to meet him. When I go into the ring with the negro, I'm going in because I know I can whip him; not until then. I'll fight frequently in the next 12 months. I need experience and I'm going after it.

I am 22 years old, six feet two inches in height and weight 218 pounds in condition. I'm bigger every way than Johnson and I've got him beaten in reach. I stretch 80 1-2 inches.

I was born on a farm near Ossian, Ia., about 60 miles from the home of Frank Gotch. I always was a husky kid and I did the hardest kind of farm work you ever heard of. It developed me wonderfully. I fell into the fighting game naturally. I like it.